

A SONG to the Old Britons, on St. Taffy's Day.

To the TUNE, Of Noble Race was Shinkin.

HOW are the Mighty fallen !
Fa, la, la, lara, &c.
Is this the Brave, the Haughty !
Dom, Dom, Derom, &c.
The highflown Taff, that us'd to quaff.
And bear his Head so lofty! fa, la, la, lara, &c.

But, Taffy, what's come to you,
That you now change your Story !
To drop your Note and turn your Coat,
Eclipses all your Glory.

The Glories of your Kindred,
And Deeds that you could name ye,
Your Race of Kings, and old done Things,
Serve only now to shame ye.

How brooks the gay Remembrance,
The Fame and boasted Sallies,
Of mighty Chad that one made glad,
Your Mountains and your Valleys.

Your Royal Crown and Scepter,
Would grace some Church Defender ;
Alas ! but now the Horns look through,
And push full drive against Her.

Such is your new Protector,
The Beast you bow your Necks to,
The G—m—n Boar and his fat Wh——
Will root up all your Leeks too.

For can you think to Britons,
That he will shew more Favour,
Than to the Son he calls his own,
Oh, silly Britons ! Never.

Thus, Taffy, you grow downward,
Your ancient Valour's going ;
Your high born Blood fouls into Mud,
And you'll set down to hoeing.

But think once more on Freedom,
E'er this sad Doom does settle,
E'er your Renown be fled and gone,
Call up the Old Welsh Mettle.

Your exil'd King's aporoaching,
Then, Taffy, scorn a Coward ;
For he long since, was born your Prince,
His Goodness speaks him STUART.

God Taffy, such a Hero
In Time will all recover ;
You'll raise your Head, as erst you did,
This damn'd Dutch Fogg will over.

F I N I S.